

PRUNELLA:  
AN  
INTERLUDE  
Perform'd in the  
REHEARSAL,  
AT THE  
THEATRE-ROYAL  
IN  
DRURY-LANE.

The Sense and Musick collected from the  
most Famous Masters.

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By Mr. AIRS, for the Advantage of Mr. Eftcourt.

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*As Charms are Nonsense, Nonsense seems a Charm.*

Rochester.

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LONDON: Printed for Bernard Lintott at the Cross Keys, between  
the two Temple Gates, in Fleet-Street.

*Note.* That an Opera, of which this is but a Part, will be soon finished and  
printed, with a Prologue and Epilogue; and a Preface in Praise of the  
Fineness and Delicacy of Operas, and the Difference between an *Italian*  
Opera and an *English* one.



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## THE P R E F A C E.

**A**fter the Travestie of Virgil, one wou'd hardly think it necessary to make an Excuse for this inconsiderable Affair to Night. I must own I attempt not to invade or abuse any ones Diversion, and cou'd wish that my Profession, which happens to be Speaking, wou'd afford that I shou'd like no speaking better: Tho' I must confess, If I am run away with by an Air over Night, the Nervous Sense and admirable Reason it is fraught with, brings me back again in the Morning. I hope, Gentlemen, there's no harm done, since you have the same fine Musick, and will be a little merrier into the Bargain.

Your Servant,

R. ESTCOURT.

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# Dramatis Personæ.

*Racino.* A Grocer in the Piazza in *Conventino Hortensi*.

*Macia.* An Housewifely Body his Spouse.

*Prunella.* Young and handsome, something given to Love, and for it turn'd out of Doors.

*Nancia.* Younger Sister, a Mad-cap.

*Fico.* A Journey-man, but Nephew to an Alderman.

*Sattinisco.* A Mercer's young Man within a Month of being made free.

*Bella.* Dangles with *Prunella* every where.

*Capiano.* Bailiff.

*Currendino.* A Porter.

Fruit-men, Musicians, and others, &c.

PRUNELLA

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# PRUNELLA.

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## A C T I.

**S C E N E**, *A flat Piece of Ground without Hedge or Style: The Prospect of a Church in View, and Tom's Coffee-House at distance.*

Enter Prunella and Fico; Prunella *a little melancholly*,  
Fico *pretty hearty*.

*Prunella.* **T**HIS well-known Place,  
This spacious, spacious Square,  
Where Fruiterers do sell their Ware;  
Is where we Girls do use to meet,  
When our House was in *Russel-street*.

*Fico. Rascino*, your angry Father, now at rest,  
Of Grocers is accounted best.

## PRUNELLA.

The dear Production of his Love is you,  
The Joy you give him much too young to know.

*Prun.* And my poor Mother,

*Fico.* Fair as is the Morning peep,  
The Hour she gave you to the World  
She fell asleep.

*Prunella* Air. *I was born in London Town;*  
*Yet must saunter up and down :*  
*I was born of Grocers Race,*  
*Yet must wander in Disgrace.*

*All the Fruit that Christmas yields,*  
*Raisons, Pruens, Dates and Figs.*

*Prun.* But to be turn'd out of Doors,  
Like one that Charity implores,

Ah, too unjust! Ah, too uncivil!

*Fico.* Uncivil! Why, Madam, 'tis the Devil.

*Prun.* Ah, gentle *Fico*!

*Fico.* Poor *Prunella*.

Tho' you're not Quality, or so, Sir;  
Your Father was a wealthy Grocer:  
Your Mother did adorn his Counter,  
And had much Money to her Joynture.

*Prun.* Nay, more than that, of Temper mild;  
She is my Mother, I her Child.

*Fico.* But now it is a proper Seafon,  
Of all this Rout, to know the Reason?

*Prun.* *Fico*, 'tis Love.

*Fico.*

## PRUNELLA.

3

*Fico.* Is Love the Cause?  
Sweet Meat must have sour Sauce.  
But who's the Man wou'd make you Bride?

*Prun.* A Mercer's Prentice in *Cheapside*.  
*Fico.* On, Child, go on, and tell me all ;  
How came this last, this cruel Brawl ?  
*Prun.* Coming one Fatal Night from *Fox-hall* ;

*Fico.* From whence ?  
*Prun.* *Fox-hall*.  
*Fico.* Madam, your Sorrows to beguile,  
I'll sing a Song to make you smile :  
It shall be as the Fruit Men cry,  
When any Customer comes nigh.

*Air.* *Buy a hundred of Chesnuts ?*  
*ARSINOE* ; *Lump, Lump, Lump-----*  
~~At~~ *Ferry-Boat*, *Come ev'ry one some,*  
*Charon.* *And I shall go home the sooner.*

*Baily's Officer.* Take him, take him.  
*Prun.* Hark, *Fico*, what's that Noise ?  
*Bail. Officer.* See, see, he's loose again ;  
The Prig, how swift he bounds,  
*Fico.* They are the Sheriffs Hounds.  
*Bail. Officer.* 'Twill be in vain if he's quite out of view,  
In *Bow-street* they'll make a Rescue.  
*Fico.* They're Bailiffs, that live near this place,  
And have some Debtor now in chace.  
*Satinisco.* Bail me, O Bail me !  
*Prun.* *Fico*, remember what I told ye :

## PRUNELLA.

*Fico.* Fear not, my Dear, I'll ne'er unfold ye.

*Prun.* That now *Cecilia* is my Name :

*Fico.* I know it, tho' 'tis all a Sham.

*Prun.* Remember, *Fico*, as my my Friend ;

*Fico.* I have it at my Fingers end,

And know what to reply,

You are my Sister, your Brother I.

*Bailiffs Air.* See, Sir, I'm come to take you,  
 And must a Prisoner make you ;  
 For such fine Sparks as you . . .  
 Must pay poor folks their Due.  
 You much drink that French is,  
 Be treating of your Wenchies  
 With Jellies and cool Tankards,  
 And such like costly Cheer.  
 Come, nimbly lay down Darby ;  
 Come, pray Sir, don't be tardy :  
 For Marshalsea's the place,  
 Where you shall end your Race.

*Satinisco.* Bail me, O Bail me !

*Fico.* 'Tis what will happen daily,

A Man is Rested by a Baily.

*Prun.* O, bring him here.

*Satinisco.* O dear, who takes my part ?

*Prun.* My Handkerchief, and my Heart.

[The Bailiffs let fall their Swords, and run  
 off staring at them.

*Fico.*

## PRUNELLA.

5

*Fico.* Your Beauty so the Rogues have charm'd,  
With Pointed Eyes they are disarm'd.

*Satinisco Air.* *O Maid, that art so fine,*  
*To thee I do incline;*  
*A prettier Lass was never seen,*  
*'Twixt Dover and the Rhine.*  
*Such Dazzling fills my Sight,*  
*Like Flambeaux in the Night;*  
*That Bonfires on a Holy-day*  
*Were never half so bright.*

*Prun.* Ah, *Fico*, by all above,  
This is the very Man I love.

*Fico.* Sir, you appear a Man of Fame,  
May I intreat to know your Name?

*Sat.* *Satinisco.*

*Prun.* Ah, let me die; Ah, cruel Father.

*Fico.* Die, ye fond Fool! be marry'd rather;  
He may be yours another Day,  
Then hear at least what He can say.

*Satinisco Air.* *Since you from Fayle have sav'd me,*  
*I'll stay with you alone:*  
*That Freedom you now gave me,*  
*That Freedom's now your own;*  
*Tes, yes, that Freedom's now your own.*

*Fico.*

## PRUNELLA.

Fico Air. *Sir, behold me here to Bail ye,  
Tho' 'tis for a Thousand Pound,  
I will Bail ye:*

CAMILLA; *Tho' 'tis for a Thousand Pound,  
All I'll venture If they wo'n't let me be bound,  
to restore you. Then a better shall be found;  
Before you shall be overthrown,  
We will pay the Money down.*

Fico. Look up, my Girl, since Things are better,  
Our Porter, Jo, has brought a Letter:  
How is it, Jo?

Porter. Thank ye, Fico; where is your Mistress?  
Fico. Tace, I can't a Word afford,  
Hold your Tongue, Mum, Mum's the Word.

[*A Letter directed to the Fair Prunella.*]

Prun. Directed to the poor Prunella!

MADAM,  
A fter a tedious Absence of a Night,  
Your Father was appeas'd,  
And so your Mother vow'd  
To give you to your Wishes.

Mally, your Friend.

Prun.

## PRUNELLA.

7

*Prun.* We shall a Conquest win ;  
My Fears ebb out, and Joys flow in.

*Air.* *Father is resolv'd I shall marry,*  
*CAMILLA.* *Mammy has made him weary,*  
Fortune ever *And chang'd to a Smile his Frown :*  
known to vary. *Joys of Marriage undividing,*  
*Till Death abiding,*  
*Honey-Moon moves pleasing on.*

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## REHEARSAL. ACT II.

*Enter Nancia, and other Children.*

*G* If e'er the  
Fair disdain  
you.

*Te pretty Boys and Girls,*  
*Haste and come out to play,*  
*The Moons as bright as Day;*  
*Boys haste, Girls haste,*  
*Haste, and come out to play.*

*Enter Boys and Girls.*

We come, we come ;  
We loose our Supper to meet  
And join our Play-fellows in the Street.

Nancia.

S

## PRUNELLA.

Nancia.

*And now my Mother,*

ARSINOE.

*Now forgive me, forgive me,*

And you Do-  
risby.

*We can no longer stay within.*

*We must our Sports begin,*

*We cannot stay within.*

*Adieu, Mamma.*

*We were lock'd above,*

*Which we did not love;*

*We were lock'd above,*

*Which we did not live.*

*So Mamma, adieu;*

*Mamma, adieu.*

Pray Note, That all the AIRS that are marked thus,  
( “ ) with double Comma's are not perform'd, to pre-  
vent being tedious; and all that are not inserted are  
left out.

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## A C T III.

**F**arewel Boots,

Farewel Boots and Warlike Pleasure,

I will stay with my Sweet-heart;

I will stay with my Sweet-heart.

Farewel Boots and Warlike Pleasure,

Honour calls, but we won't part.

Now

## PRUNELLA.

9

Now for War I've no leisure,  
I will plunge in Beauty's Treasure :  
Love will mend her,  
I'll befriend her ;  
She to Joys shall soon surrender,  
Youth and Duty gain the Fair.  
Put no Boots on, soft Love do's whisper,  
Put on none, but stay in Town.

Enter Macia.

Macia. *Betty, Mary, where are ye all?*  
Maid. Here, Madam ; did you call ?  
Macia. Where are the Children ?  
Where I say ?  
Maid. They are gone to Bed :  
Or else to play.

Macia Air. *Girls, Girls, Girls,*  
*Shou'd never go*  
Anger for War *Out of the House at all ;*  
declaring. *Girls, Girls, shou'd stay within,*  
*And never be a Romping,*  
*Or a Gadding ;*  
*Nor ever be for Play,*  
*For Play, a Madding,*  
*But shou'd some Needlework begin ;*  
*Nor Answer, No, No, No,*  
*When they are bid to stay at home.*

C

Maid.

*Maid!* Pray, be not so severe,  
For, see, the Children do appear.

Air. *Come in a Doors, come in a Doors,  
Or else I'll pay your Backs with Blows;  
You'll run in the Street,  
And so make your selves Wet,  
And spoil all your Cloaths :  
Tho' you have had Warning,  
Your Duty's scorning,  
You're not performing,  
I read in your Face.*

*Nancia.* O, Madam, I have cause to moan,  
My little Dog is lost, and gone.

Air. *My Fancy still is cross'd,  
I can no Safety find,  
My little Veny's lost,  
And still runs in my Mind.  
I'll search thro' all the Nation,  
And, sure, that cannot fail,  
To find my Inclination,  
Good Money will prevail.*

*Macia.* You have done well, Mamma to fright,  
I fear that I shall die e'er Night.

*Nancy.* I beg you wou'd your Fears give o'er,  
We never play'd this Trick before.

*A Duel between Mamma and Nancia.*

*Indeed we ha'n't,  
No; no, nor sha'n't, &c.*

*Manet, Nancia. Enter Prunella.*

*Nancia.* Sister, for all your Pouts and Louring,  
You must not think to 'scape a Scouring.

*Air.*     *O brave ! O brave ! O brave !  
You have gain'd a Whipping sure ;  
ARSIN.     *You must be Playing,  
O Love !  
O Love !  
And be Staying,  
From Home Straying :  
My Mother bears you have been Abroad,  
For which, she Vows she'll use the Rod.**

*Prunella.* Ah ! it is a heavy Load,  
To be forbid to go Abroad.

*Air.*     *In vain I Absence borrow,  
They watch and tend me ;  
In vain I fly, &c.  
For here's my Sister Nancy,  
Has taken up a Fancy,  
To vex me, and displease me,  
With Airs and Humours tease me ;  
But I'll not tarry,  
But faith I'll marry.*

Prince Prettyman's Air to fall asleep with.

Among Wo- *Constant Weeping, want of Sleeping,*  
men, &c. *Makes me weary as a Dog;*  
*Sighing, Reaching, Gaping, Stretching,*  
*Throws me down like any Log.*  
*Ab, that any honest Fellow*  
*Won'd bring here a good soft Pillow,*  
*Then, instead of a Fair Lady's Lap,*  
*You'd quickly see me fall into a Gape, Gape,*  
*Gape.*

Macia Air.

Something is  
in my Face.

CAMILL.

“ *This same Hoity toity,*  
“ *Of Love does delight you,*  
“ *And still does excite you,*  
“ *To throw away Time.*  
“ *Pleasure and Time,*  
“ *We are Courting,*  
“ *And Sporting,*  
“ *Fooling, and Cooling,*  
“ *You throw away Time,*  
“ *When Love, Heaven knows,*  
“ *Shon'd be proving of Time.*

## ACT IV.

Enter Prunella and Nancia.

Nancia. Sister, you must not go Abroad,  
Mamma will be angry if you shou'd.

Prunella. What's that, you? Pray, stay at Home,  
And guard the Parlor till I come;  
You think 'tis no matter, I suppose,  
Where an elder Sister goes;  
But your Absence I wo'n't smother,  
For, if you go, I'll tell my Mother.

Prunella Air. *Go, go, you Tell-tale,*  
*Go tell my Mother, do;*  
Fly, fly, and *Go, go, you Tell-tale,*  
follow, &c. *Tell my Mother, do;*  
*Go, go, you Tell-tale,*  
*Tell my Mother, do, &c.*  
*Who cares a fartbing,*  
*I can be even,*  
*About the Garden,*  
*And our Stephen;*  
*So tell my Mother*  
*As soon as you please;*  
*Go, go, &c.*

To

To the Eunuch's Tune, for Joy that Lardella is  
not drown'd.

Air. Lardella was lost,  
But she swam to the Coast,  
Like a Charming Toast;  
'Twas Love did the Work:  
Young Maidens advance,  
And prepare for a Dance,  
Like the Fashion of France;  
Pray do it with a Jerk.

Fico's Air. " Bring me the Bottle;  
" Who dares oppose him?  
Love leads to " The Spleen and Vapours  
Battel. " Before him fly:  
" See how my Colour  
" Mends all before ye,  
" And for a Pale,  
" A Red does supply.  
" Bring, &c.

Volcius's Air at Knight's-Bridge,

To Beauty From midnight Debauches,  
devotes And Riding in Coaches,  
A Passion  
In Fashion,  
We laugh at the Town.

## PRUNELLA.

25

*At Knight's-bridge contented,  
No one there in pain is,  
When seldom the Rain is,  
We stay here with Joy  
From midnight. Cepo.*

[Racino and Macia in one great wicker Chair; Prunella at her Feet, and Sattinisko upon Cushions.]

### CHORUS.

Hail Lusty Lusty Pair,  
*Prunella Sattinisco;*  
No roaring spare  
That you can bear  
To shew you wish 'em both a lusty Heir.

*Arfinoe Chor.*

### Grand CHORUS

“ Tell it in every place you please,  
“ White-Hall, in Westminster, or Mews,  
“ Prunella’s Honour Raise ;  
“ No such Mortal can be found  
“ Worthy of your noisie Lays,  
“ She can Cure as well as Wound.  
“ We envy not Doves  
“ So famous for Loves,  
“ Altho’ we endure  
“ Some pain ; we are sure  
“ Of being wounded and cured by Love.

Some

## PRUNELLA.

Some may boast a single Man to kill,  
I do more, an Army's Blood I spill ;  
I do more,  
I kill a thousand, kill a thousand.  
Some may boast a single Ma----n to kill,  
I do more, an Army's Blood I spill ;  
I do more, an Army's Blood I spill :  
'Tis well then I'm not Declining,  
I annoy them and destroy them,  
Vanquish'd Foes their lives Resigning.

## Drawcanir's Air.

Thomyris to " Come let us advance  
Lina in Vain. " To the Conquest of France ;  
Lardellas's Air " Raise all our Buffoons,  
for joy be is " With large Pantaloons,  
not drowned. " With Bever Hat,  
" And Point Cravat,  
" Whose Rapiers and Scuffles  
" Tear Colbartin Russles,  
" Still enduring,  
" Without Curing  
" Aches, and Wounds,  
" Made by Amorous sounds ;  
" Let 'em advance, O.  
" And let 'em all Sing, but  
" First let 'em Dance, O.

FINIS.

